NOVEMBER - DECEMBER.

M1755
MUSIC
Friday, Jan. 16, 1970

PART ONE

MR. NYLANDER: A very strange thing happened to me today. I was sitting quietly. I had been thinking a little bit. I had my hands folded like - this way. All of a sudden I looked down, I saw my fingers, and then the thought came to me; there will be a time when these fingers will be quiet, not moving anymore. I have had such thoughts before. I've looked at the books in my library, spread all over the house in Brewster at that time and this was in my room and again contemplatively looking at the books I said, many books I will not touch anymore. It is not a sign of old age; it is a sign of the realization of one's life. The thoughts have to apprear every once in awhile like that, not to remind one of one's own mortality, but to remind one that certain things still can be done, and ought to be done. And then as we know like Cecil Rhodes at the time when he was developing South Africa and Kimberley and the Transvaal — so much to be done, so little time left to do it in. And it is not possible at such a time to get up quick and to do things. One sits there once in awhile dumbfounded. Here I am with my life. It has proceeded. A few things have been done. Many thoughts still remain to be put in some other kind of a form than a thought. A person cannot help sometimes to be quite thoughtful about conditions in which he has to live, the life he has led. The past — that is his own, and what will the future then bring, and what can one then count on. You see, these thoughts of course, we are familiar with them. Sometimes we don't want to give it attention because life is still busy. Sometimes life is not so busy. Sometimes there is a realization that, not that life will end, but it is necessary to evaluate life as experience. And then one starts to think how can one continue, or how can one, when once certain things have been started, make certain that they will not disappear or rather

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that they will last a little longer than oneself without going into a desire for permanency, not knowing exactly what could be meant by that because anything that is left on this earth ultimately will be destroyed; but maybe for some length of time it can be there.

You see we talk about Ideas. We wish them to continue. We want to make sure that there is enough of that kind of material to continue with. One would wish other people to find out what is the value of such material for themselves, so that then in their life they have a meaning, and also that they will respect such ideas. The Ideas are then separate from what one is in one's own development, because that again becomes a private matter. When one considers one's life in relation to a future in which then during a lifetime certain things can be made, built, or constructed, even conceived, trying to give them birth, trying to see certain things that could happen in a symbol first and then after some time maybe, to try to translate symbolism into an actuality.

It is so often I look at the Barn in that way and particularly since the Enneagram is part of it. I look at this Barn. I say, It was there before we came. It is now there and we are there. What have we done? Have we given the Barn some life? Is it now more alive than before? You see, I look at that building every once in awhile from a vantage point which I have in the house I live in. Many times I get up quite early in the morning, when it is dark. I don't light up. I sit. I try to remember. Every once in a while I get up. I look out of the window. I see gradually the sun or the light appear. It becomes a little lighter; it is dawn. There is the structure of the Barn standing solidly in the early morning sun, or light, still a few shadows of the night, but it seems to me then as if that building starts to become alive, together with daylight and that then it says to itself; Today. Another day. I have to wake up because a group of people happen to come, and I, being a building and of course only

s e matter constructed in a certain form, It is there, but I have to obey. I am expected to behave like a Barn with life; Perhaps an atmosphere which also wakes up, and the Barn waits, and then sometimes some people come . For me the Barn is like a church in a village. In a small village also early morning, you probably know, sometimes on the trip or sometimes on your vacation, you may have been in a very quiet little village, no noises, not as yet because it is still a little too dark and people haven't gone to work as yet. Maybe there is snow; maybe some early riser is already on the street, on the road, and the snow crackles a little under his feet. But there is the little church, white, and the sky gradually becoming blue, and the steeple pointing towards the sky. And then there is quiet. And then the church dominates the village. It dominates all the people still asleep. Many times it dominates the people who will sleep forever in a cemetary around the church. That's their last place of collecting. You might say the last place where they still can collect themselves in contact with each other in death. Again a symbol which remains in the church predominates that life, awakening gradually on the building until finally the door is reached and-who knows- maybe a sexton can toll a bell or can open a door for people to come in, maybe to worship, maybe to pray, or to sit quiet.

as the sun rises a little while - but the steeple and then moves down gradually

We have a responsibility for the Barn. When I look at the Barn I look at it with awe. It is a structure; it is very beautiful. When we bought it I talked about the impression it created on me. How it at that time took my breath away and there was no question about deciding. This is it - we take. And so we have taken the Barn, and so we have lived a little bit in it, And we have had activities going on and I have reminded you every once in awhile that when you enter through that door you enter into a sanctum not the sanctum sanctorum, but, let's say, a little bit of a holy place, a little bit of

something that is alive, And that because of that, demands attention, your attention.

When you come into that Barn, there is something there already. When you come into the Barn, is there something in you already? How do you enter? How open are you when you come there? Does one swear in the Barn? Does one dive into all kinds of ordinary life activities? Does one allow oneself to be jealous, or to be angry? Don't you think it disturbs the Barn, that something that is in there as life is touched and it becomes cacophonical; it's not harmonious. In what way are ~~you~~ we responsible, and in what way have we already several times violated this, this symbol. The symbol created by us for a purpose of reminding us of a unity, of an aim which we all should have for which aim we should, when we enter, we should remember. We come there as human beings, ready to continue with our daily activities and whatever has to be done in a certain way with attention, with joy, with real wish, also we say to work on oneself, We even say, we add that every once in awhile because the Barn reminds us every once in awhile, on oneself. And do we really use the Barn then, to enter and to be what is needed, to be contained, to be as whole as we can be as unconscious creatures, remembering: why are we here?

What is the meaning of that kind of activity that we know more or less perform? Why we get together. Why we live here. Why we are busy, engaged in certain things of ordinary life, and have the Barn appear sometimes in your mind, to remember, sometimes in your conscience, so that then, as it were, like an enneagram which is etched in metal and you have it in your pocket as a talisman and in the dark and in light, in your pocket or out of your pocket, you touch it, Like a blind man would touch to feel as if that what is the enneagram is brail for you, and your fingers, They become sensitive

like all of you should become sensitive when you get into that Barn because the Barn has a meaning.

And so it has been misused, and I feel sorry for the Barn, and I am a friend of the Barn. I'm also a little responsible, and I have undertaken and became responsible for creating some form of life in that Barn, and we have baptised it with our perspiration, and we've worked in it, and we will continue to work. We will attend to the detail of little things that have to do with Work, maybe as an office, maybe as some tapes, maybe as a workshop, maybe as printing, or an index or pottery or whatever is needed, Whatever is needed for food of a spiritual kind and whatever is needed as food for an ordinary physiological aim. And so we have lunch. We work honestly, You see, the Barn is not a place where you just meet and go because you are going to call on someone and you only have one address and it happens to be the Barn and you say, I'll pick you up there.' No, we don't do that with the Barn. We don't meet each other in front of the church.

We come to the Barn with an intention, with a state, with reverence, with a knowledge that something is required. We don't have lunch there unless we are engaged in Barn activities on which we work during the day in the morning, in which we are engaged even with a possible process of trying to become aware of oneself, in which the opportunities which are given simply by virtue of the Barn existing and having life that even the Barn could have a voice and at times perhaps can tell you,"I am here. I stay here all night long to protect what you have started, and now it is daylight, and the Barn asks you. I look down on you like Napoleon talked about the pyramids when he was engaged in war unfortunately, and the army was there near Cheops and Napoleon in a little speech said,"Forty thousand years are looking down on you". The way he meant it, it doesn't matter. The way the Barn means it, it is a translation for us as if the Barn has waited and now the Barn has a fulfillment which

I think we can actually accomplish, but the Barn needs your help now because the Barn may demand. Why does it demand? Because it wants help to maintain itself in this state of being alive and the Barn also having life does not want to die as yet and that the symbol, having taken on a form and having received life within, is now breathing the atmosphere of our seriousness.

How is one serious? How does one become thoughtful? How does one want to become honest in regard to oneself? It is not your form. It is not your face. It is not a morose expression. It is not the exclusion of laughter. There has to be, I say, containment within. There has to be a level. Your being enters, not your mind, Not your talk, (talk) not too much flippancy, not too much for the outside world appearance, not so much even flirtations, not so much the lowering of that what you already know of ordinary life in which a person when he does come, and this applies to all activities including lunch, where you sit and eat and some may want to be quiet and others talk and some may tell a joke. There is no damper on Life, but Life has to be expressed in such a form which belongs to that what the Barn represents. You see, we're not going to play tingle-tangle in the Barn. We're not going to have a dance floor. We're not going to have all kinds of nonsensical music. We're not going to hang pictures on the wall to attract the guests. We don't have MUZAK disturbing the thoughts of people who, after having worked physically, may like to have a little sustenance to be able to continue for the afternoon, and get together and perhaps could be reminded in a very simple way, without as I say, putting a damper on things. The maineainence of an attitude. We are in a Barn. We are not on a picnic. We don't come to the Barn too early. It's not that place. The Barn when it wakes up, needs a period of meditation for itself. You probably have never thought of that. The Barn has to be left alone

because it is a change from darkness to light and the Barn also goes through a period of twilight or early morning dawn. The Barn needs a little time to come to itself, so that then it is ready to ~~xxxx xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ receive what we would like to perform so that the atmosphere is there then, and we, entering and being in a sufficiently receptive state, will ~~feel~~ feel.

So I have suggested no one comes to the Barn until 8:30. That is the time ~~when the time~~ when the sun rises until work begins. Then you can come and work begins then. There is no ~~klutch~~ klatsch- coffee ~~kluteh~~ klatsch early. There is no disturbance; there is work- Work. We work during the day, Even the creation meant work every day. There is no let up, and no particular hurry because all that had to be created in one day was very nicely divided into separate sections so that each day something could be done, no hurry because there were six days in the week, and the Barn has also five because the Saturday and Sunday are combined, very special days, the crown of the week, The results of the activities of the week, culminating then, and then you might even say, such results to be distributed to a larger group, who comes also for a purpose to partake. I don't want to become too religious and too sentimental because it would be so idiotic. But my feeling is quite definitely aroused and I also know what is required. I also know what it is that I feel, and I would like you to know it because I would like you to feel it. I would like you to behave; I would you to be at a level, at a level, perhaps, of containment, At a level in which you choose words which are right. You don't swear there and if you can help it you don't get angry when the pot is a little too hot and you burn your fingers and it can be done quietly and it can be also with a discussion and a good discussion if you like, but no particular hilarity and above all no ~~xxxxx~~ hysterics. It doesn't belong there, In the afternoon again, you work honestly. You see, a work day is a work day, as if professionally you spend eight hours and so do we at the Barn when we work. Not a little bit and a little bit and a little bit. Don't.

don't come there Your rythm, you determine the way you want to do it. You determine. What is required of you, requires your conscience. It is all yours, but don't forget the Barn is looking down on you, and I hope you will feel it. Yousee, what happens of course that a person who gradually develops and who because of work, becquse of the application of an idea which is first in its infancy known by the work of objectivity but gradually by means of the application becomes a concept and we call it then awakeness. So that when one starts and in this period of going over from awareness to awakening something takes place in the configuration of the make-up of a personality and then you feel it wishes to do something special. A feeling at that time wishes a divorce from your body. The feeling on the road to emotion says I've spent enough time in a certain unity in an unconscious state. I've profited by the manifestations of the physical body but there is now time that something has to take place with me. The feeling and later on the emotional state of oneself, demands that that feeling as an entity will start on its own, ~~alone~~ in the world, ~~will~~ learn how to stand on its own feet and not to use the crutches of the physical body. As a result of that, and of course with many other different resutts which also occur, that what becomes important that a man, trying to grow up and trying to make his emotions more alive, and also growing and developing, becomes very sensitive, much too sensitive at first because he gets hurt a little bit and it is a struggle for the emotional body to get up on its feet because it has been, as I say, ~~it has been~~ using the curtches of someone else, and has leaxned on the shoulders of the physical body, and now it says I'm on my own. This sensitivity will make you understand what I mean. I would like you to respect the Barn. I would like you in respecting the Barn, respect yourself. I hope that you will be able to help that way, so that regardless of who it is, that you will not disturb that. That your attitude is correct and it remains correct during the day, and I say, that you are honest — To work out your time allotted to Barn activity. That you will learn what it is to be honest. And regarding your work, that you become serious enough to remain attentive

until the bitter end and not to go from one thing to another. If you can help it, whatever your state may be. Sometimes it is difficult, and sometimes maybe you will have to sit quietly, and maybe then you can come to yourself, and after a little while, maybe then you can work.

I wanted to say this because we are going now into a new period, a period of direct application of Work in one's daily life and where we learn it, a little easier is when that daily life is spent in an atmosphere which is condusive and might help you maybe to remember yourself.

The Barn is an Enneagram, and now the Enneagram dominates the Barn. The Enneagram with the law of three, composed of the law of seven applies with the law of seven to the Barn, and in looking out through the Enneagram, the law of three makes you lift up your head and hope that someday the Barn can be said goodbye to. It served its purpose for your growth. Without sentimentality, I say, I drink to the welfare of the Barn. May it live a long time and may it serve its purpose dutifully and in all sincerity remain a symbol.

TOAST

To some extent I think that last Tuesday spoiled us a little bit in methods of serving people. Coffee and things of that kind. I think it was mainly due that we had enough people who volinteered to help. I think that kind of a practice we should try to continue also on Fridays. I think don't run home too soon, those who can help and serve who can then perhaps even bring coffee to you, I think they are quite welcome. I think it would be much better. Don't mind if I go, don't be too much in a hurry. What I've talked about usually, quite definitely must have a meaning otherwise I don't think I would talk it, talk about it. I want to say certain things. I want to make sure also that whoever can receive something from it should do so. I think the openness for a person should be there when you come particularly Friday. Friday is like intimacy. It is a desire then to

reall· ·ommunicate and as it were to speak from one's heart about the different difficulties that we of course ~~one~~ experience, and that when we are in ordinary life or we try to live our life as it has been taught or as it has been changed over into a certain attempt in which different factors were introduced in order to make whatever there was in the old educational experiences more useful to one. All of us are of coursepredjudiced because of former assocations. All of us are conditioned, all of us without having practically anything to do with it were conditioned by the family we came from. But partiularly at an earlier, impressionable age we were affected by those who came in contact with us or we in contact with them. And how much has been told to us with the best intntion in the world because I never question that, because very few people really quite definitely would want to do harm. So it is always with an idea that that what is being said is going to be of help to you. It may be said in a certain way and sometimes not very nice, sometimes a little bit too authoratative, or sometimes even too superficial and already because of that it becomes questionable, but let's say that the intention was right, but for you, as you received it, it may have worked a little differently and all that was left was a result of a thought remembering certain conditions and being conditioned by them that one at the present timenot necessarily blames what has happened but say, at most one cannot understand why one is what one is, with the traits we have, with all the different things we have grown up with, and sometimes it becomes very confusing. How am I going to make order out of the mishmash of my education? How will I place experiences which of course have been experienced unconsciously in the light of a different kind of valuation? How will I ~~xxxxx~~ retain what I had at the time, a very definitely [sic] desire for life and sometimes the different things that come up and come in on me, ~~and~~ start to crush me and push me, a little bit to the left, ~~and~~ to the right, to which I sometimes rebel and sometimes submit. But what happens in that kind of a process of being conditioned and having to explain certain things in a certain way and

I also act in accordance with what I can do to the extent of the light and understanding I have. There is no use being critical about such things. There is a sadness every once in awhile that one has to live through certain things for such a long time and then together with that, there is a desire for one's life to be expressed correctly, not having to be affected all the time by the old forms and conditionings and not wishing all the time to rationalize about such things and to wash them away or rather to put them in a more confused state because all the different impressions that I bring to bear on any particular kind of a subject become much too confusing for me to put them in right order and then to consider them one by one And every once in awhile what do I end up with, not only confession, but what is called a lust for life is gone. It is not that one is not aware of life existing because there is a tremendous desire to have it expressed but it cannot find a way of expressing and all the different bringing up ideas of that what we have been exposed to and which we have digested and which we have lodged within us every once in awhile come up and help to make me more confused and also almost-- impotent. I cannot at times understand ~~at times~~ why it is that I am the way I am when I don't want to be that way. What is this particular kind of period which must come to each person who Works? because you will gradually lose your appetite for certain things that before seemed to have certain value. Also that you digested them and extracted from them the continuation of a wish to want to live; gradually such things start to drop away or they get shaky, and I end up with an inablility to do the same thing because the value is gone and continuing with that or even being exposed to them I start to consider them empty. I get bored but my boredom does not help me to express my life which is still there. I rebel; I become confused and I say, it is unnecessary. I say I pray to God- Why? I ask him and I don't know if it is necessary to go through all the different experiences of my life that finally at the end I am worn out and maybe I see a little light, but why should I have to wait so long?

This is always a problem. Why do things have to wait so long? Why is it necessary

to be so patient? Why is it necessary to hold on to a thread of life, hoping of course it won't break, having a contact with that what could grow and nothing grows. It is there all, potentially I know it because even if I don't know it with my mind, I feel it. It is like a source, a spring that wells up in me. I want to express it; I cannot find a form and I go and ask, What will I do? and each person will answer in accordance with his own experience and many times I am left quite alone because I cannot find the right answer, not for myself and apparently it doesn't exist. Somewhere it ought to but I have not come in contact with it and I don't question the sincerity of those who want to tell because they of course wish when they are concerned, but they cannot find the words and I am left by myself and I walk back and forth. I do a little bit of this and then something else and while I do it and I think of something else ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~, then I stop. I'm embarassed a little myself. I don't want it that way but somehow or other I cannot have the strength to continue and really to force myself, and of course if I say that, I say How stupid! Of course I can force myself but why can't it go in a natural way, even if it is a little bit, even if there is energy that may be used up, but then why is it used up, then I know I don't have the energy but I keep on being filled with energy and knowing it and it has to come out. I keep on trying and since it doesn't go I rebel against conditions. I rebel against other people. I rebel constantly even against God, not telling me and I wish to know. This is to some extent a description of an unconscious state in which one is sadly involved and in which there doesn't seem to be any way out. In which one is surrounded completely by an atmosphere which kills one, which is not conducive for the continuation of life. One starts to doubt or one says even, What's the use? Even if I do have life there is no way of expressing it for me and I am a little bit too much conditioned already and I cannot use what I have had and I cannot as yet count on what I would like and even if I would wish for it sincerely, it is not given me. It's easy to say that Rome was not built overnight. It's easy to tell a person to have patience.

What will they do in the time of patience? Just twiddle their thumbs a little bit? Just sit and when they are through sitting, getting up because they don't want to sit any longer and they feel that they ought to do something and they start doing something and the thoughts come in that's not what they should do because that is not a solution, that is not what I wish and I have a real—a hang-up in that sense. I'm up against it.

What will one do? It takes place in the mind and in one's feeling. They are occupied and the energy takes forms of what we call feeling creating a state and what we call thoughts creating a condition of the brain. This is in my body. As a result of these two sometimes conflicting activities, sometimes uniting, sometimes feeling very sad, I'm incapable of making any attempt with my body. I say incapable because that what I want to do I do without really having any heart to do it and no particular wish only as a way out so I take a walk around the block and I come back and still that same kind of a question is there. It has not been solved as yet. Then one says, 'Try to Wake Up.' How can I Wake Up when I'm so identified. What is there to be done? If the energy is in the mind and if it is in the feeling center and there is very little in the body, logically there is no balance in my personality. I try to sit and think. At this time intelligently, as it were I will put all the cards on the table. I will consider myself partly sad, discontented, not able to do this or that, blaming whatever happens to come by. It doesn't matter. I cannot sing. I cannot do anything. I cannot even read. Although the advice is that if I had this and that and I want to do certain things and I feel that I ought to do it. To make a list and check off one thing after the other or to see what is most important and then make an attempt and my heart is not in it and my mind cannot sustain the attempt.

I have to balance the thoughts and the feelings, there is no question about that. It may be difficult even to collect thoughts and feelings into one because the result is sadness. I say discontent. The result is an absence of the possibility of utilizing even the thoughts and the feelings. I have to have towards myself an entirely different

different attitude. That is, I have to see what I am even if I connat accept it. I know that the condition in which I am does require a certain form of attention. I cannot just let it go because it kills me. I want to have something that is going to offset or counteract or bring in balance the state in which I am which, of course I will admit is tremendouly lopsided. How will I find an activity, because if I can use energy, even in walking up and down slowly, while ~~kfindanactivitybecauseifxtjextjpix~~ the thoughts and ~~my feeling~~ go on. I ~~them~~ have a chance that part of the energy goes into a movement. The movement may be useless, but since I then see it is useless I also know that I do it for a purpose and this engages part of my mind. If I can add to that and it is a big if— A wish to do it like I take a medicine which I hate. I don't believe in doctors; I claim I 'm not sick and I know I am and I don't even want to take an aspirin.

Sometimes, it is as bad as that, that no one can tell me what I should do. That any attempt anybody makes of trying to be nice to me, I hate because I want to do it myself because I think I am entitled to have the strength to do it myself. I can even say that God would not send me all this, If I am religious, unless at the same time he gave me a chance to give me energy in order to cope with that kind of a suffering and sometimes the suffering is terrible and I cannot fall asleep because that is also out of the question. I cannot even rest because I cannot relax. The activity of my mind demands that the energy is being used and it is used in confusion and one addition after the other of ~~the~~ a confused state.

There are three activities I can do, but all in a different tempo, as soon as I do them in a regular way I fall back into a mechanical habit, and all of that becoming subjective is then subject to exactly the same rule of confusion. ~~SXKXSK~~ Something else has to be introduced and the activity has to take place in three centers. Let's take physical first, ~~that is~~ it is the simplest, it's also the most possibility that I will want for me to do something as I say, walk, but walk so slow that it's completely non-mechanical

That I measure my steps, that I put my foot down as it were consciously. It is perhaps not conscious in the sense we mean it but it does require attention., because I don't want to fall down ~~and~~ I want to plant my foot firmly. I want to lift by the weight of my body and then move and this kind of energy spent in a physical sense will require part of the energy of my mind, unless will go to the confused state. If I say it ~~is~~ as medicine I will have a wish to do it because I want to get well. This has to be understood; that nothing will help unless I want to get well. Any person who is sick and wants to continue to be sick will never get well. It depends on the psychological state of a person if he desires to stay in the state in which they are in and then go to hell or to go to heaven by making the least effort or the biggest effort in the direction of establishing a dynamic condition so they get out of this static state of confusion into a dynamic state of Work of some kind which may not have any sense in the ordinary sense at all but which is now used by me in order sincerely to get out of it. I do not say I know all that because you don't. As long as you don't do anything, you don't know it. All you ~~would like~~ will know is theory and having been told before, you will put it again in an associative form and you will also rebel against that because you think it has not worked. The kind of activity I advise works when you do it with your heart.

The second activity is a mental one. I am aware that I ~~am~~ and I'm no fool, that my mind is active and causes confusion. I have to have a means to let thoughts out. It is exactly as high blood pressure. There is too much energy there and like in the older days I have to have a leech which sucks my blood out or bloodletting. I have to have a process that the thoughts can be let out as they are. I will consider the thoughts I have in my mind very carefully. Again I must have a wish for that because I must know that I'm sick and I must also wish to get well. I sit down and I see if the thoughts which appear in my mind as descriptions of energies spent, if I could catch them. That is, if at certain times I can put them in words, definitely, so that they get

a little bit out of my mind in the form of a word which if necessary I can write or I for mulate them with saying them, the thoughts, aloud what it is that is in my mind at that time. This process requires definitely an amont of energy which is not going haywire. It is directed. It sometimes can be helped by a book in which one wants to engage to find out and reading alound that what is in the book, trying to understand it. All and Everything is an excellent book, particularly the long sentsences and the difficult words to be pronounced as they are printed. That is an attrampt of a mental kind which also works.

The third is an emotional one. It is a state in which one wishes to consider oneself, not as suffering but as an entity which wishes to have an aim. The feelings are not defined as much as the thought, but I also will know what a feeling is in me, and when it is there, I deepen that as much as I can. This deepening depends on the caliber of the emotion. I can recall certain events which have touched me very deeply, Events which I liked and events I dislike and many times the dislike is better. Certain times, certain things have been said to me. Certain times that I experienced a deep emotional involvement. Certain times that, that what I say I hated or I was so involved, perhaps even negatively, I make such emotions come. I let them be in my heart or wherever they happen to be . The negative ones particularly, but I want to bring them to the foreground so that I can see them. I say I try maybe to formulate them but everything has to be done aloud. For that I have to sit quiet by myself and not be disturbed. The positive ones, if I wish an emotional state to have an affect on me so that energy is consumed in that process, I will try what is it? ~~Something burning (Fred Crucible)~~ over ~~turn it off, Turn it off~~. When I want to try this as an attempt at creating an emotional state which will be helpful and I am not entirely sure that negative qualities will be of use, there is one that always can be. It is the consideration of a relationship between myself and my God. Mind you, ~~it~~ this is not religious Deep inside of me, in everyone there is something that I

do want to touch, because it is too sacred, I don't dare. But I am up against it, who am desperately. I force myself this time emotionally, to consider what am I? What am I in relation to that what I know about? Also in relation to that what I feel, to that what I know I have felt. I try to recall exactly the same way certain states in which I was emotionally involved, Emotionally involved, not in accordance with ordinary life, Not cheap things in which there was a little feeling. A relationship which may at times have produced a cry and a prayer to wish to be helped. A relationship which can put me in relation to that what I pray for or wish to be in contact with. That what I am, small as I can consider myself and at the same time and this must enter tremendously grateful that I am alive even if I am confused.

This kind of, call it semi-religious, because it has to do with a different level of being. It does not have to do wtih the earth. It has to do with the desire, first of growth, in the second place with the belief that contact can be made, In the third place, the realization that such contact has been made in the past and that I remember it. The requirement for this third attempt is silence. I first formulate for myself what I want to think about, How I would like to enter into that relationship. For that I can use words, also softly spoken because the kind of experience that I wish cannot be frightened. It has to be understood that that what I want to do is a cry for my life and I want to same it. And I can only save it by attaching it to that what I know is higher than I am and I dedicate at that time in silence myself to that what I believe as a Higher force. I can call it God. It doesn't matter. I have it within oneself, within that what I am in reality and it is in this respect that Work can help you tremendously because with Work you know a little bit about con-

cepts that have to do with higher forms of life and living, sometimes away from the Earth and still in this emotional state in which I am engaged then in which I try to lose myself.

It will lose only that what is for me the confusion, and I will find my inner life and when I start to find it, I start to say a prayer. I use, sometimes, The Lord can be blessed. I bless the Lord. I wish him to bless me. I dedicate my self to that blessing, so that it may help me to understand more about what I really am.

I talk about these states because as I said before, sooner or later when you continue to grow and one becomes more and more sensitive, You will experience that and my advice is not to resent them and not get out of there way. One says apparently that is needed for me. Apparently for that I need patience. For that is necessary to see sharply. To define and to put things in the proper place ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ because I know where is my body, where is my mind, where is my heart. All three have a place in my personality, but also in my psychology, they have a place in whatever I have done. They had a place in the past. I want to assign them now a reserved seat in the future . I want to make clarity in myself. I want to clean up that what has bothered me and moreover I want an equilibrium by balancing the activities as momentum against that what is the firm belief in me which is static. Private life starts out by being what one is, which is static, by wishing to go and walk and hope and be active, which of course becomes dynamic and which again ends up when one reaches Infinity.

It is this Wish that one thinks about and then starts to feel and starts to create within oneself this particular emotional state which at that time I call "come" to go through the cloud of confusion into the daylight of His Endlessness." Every once in a while you might have these states. Sometimes you may think that they are there. It may not always be true. Many times such states are not an experience but are a

hallucination but you're blind so they become for you real because you are blind. If you could open your eyes, maybe they can disappear. If an attempt at work is made, even regardless of the three activities I mentioned, Sometimes even that, by the presence of one's 'I', the states can disappear but it is difficult because I'm as blind and I don't know in what direction to go. The three different directions are three different paths. They can be followed one by one. One each separate day or all three, also simultaneously. The degree of the unity depends on the state of my wish. When I sincerely want to get out of the state in which I am because it is not right for me, And I say it is not becoming to me and it is not in the direction of what I know the Lord will want me to be, Then I can at such a time already make an attempt to make something conscious, to make something else conscientious, and to create as the unity between these two, the neutralizer in the form even of the desire to wish to go and do, which then will bring the balance for myself in whatever condition I am. The final result of all this is prayer and prayer means two things always. Gratitude for being alive and devotion and dedication for one's life in the future.

What I've said is very serious . It may not apply in its totality. You may even think that I exaggerate. It all depends on your sensitivity. It doesn't matter. It doesn't matter to me if you agree with me or not. I only want to say it because just in case, maybe you can use it. I hope to see some of you tomorrow and the week end. I sincerely hope that tomorrow, when you wake up and you think of the Barn that there may be a little image written or inscribed in the inside of your brain, inside in the forehead, inside of that what is outside as formulation. It's inside your forehead there is concept which represents your day at the Barn and how you will be and the assurance that the Barn will be there.

Have a good week-end.

Trans - B. Merritt
Rough - C. Morgan
1st Proof M. Ramsey